
THE STEEL TRAP MAIDEN
BY FERRÉS
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The Steel Trap Maiden

By Ferres


ANNAIS; THE YOUNG BOND MAIDEN, SCURRIED UP THE CASTLE STAIRS ON HER WAY TO HER MISTRESS'S CHAMBERS. SHE NEARLY STUMBLED AS THE CASTLE SHOOK ONCE MORE.
SHE WAS NOT SURE WHICH SHE FEARED THE MOST, THE VIOLENT RUMBLINGS FROM OUTSIDE OR THE IRE OF HER CRUEL MISTRESS, THE PRINCESS ERZEBETH.
FINALLY REACHING THE DOOR TO HER MISTRESS'S CHAMBERS, THE BOND MAIDEN PAUSED, FRIGHTENED...
SHE TOOK A DEEP BREATH AND FINALLY SUMMONED UP ENOUGH COURAGE TO ENTER HER MISTRESS'S INNER DOMAIN.
Y-YOU SENT FOR ME, YOUR HIGHNESS?
YES.
YOU'RE THE NEW GIRL, ANNAIS. FROM THE FLORENTINE CONVENT WAS IT?
COME CLOSER; DO SOMETHING FOR ME.


FROM THE CORNER OF HER EYE, SHE GLIMPSED HER FELLOW BOND MAID JOLIET; ALREADY SUFFERING UNDER THE MISTRESS'S PERVERSE PASSIONS.
I'VE FINISHED MY TAPESTRY LESSONS WITH JOLIET. I DESIRE SOME AMUSEMENT.
I HAVE BEEN STUCK HERE FOR MONTHS AND I TIRE OF THIS DREARY PLACE. NOW; TAKE OFF THOSE RAGS. I WANT TO SEE YOU AU NATURAL.
HMM, SUMPTUOUS. YOUR FIGURE SPEAKS TO ME EVEN MORE THAN JOLIET'S. MY FATHER CHOSE WELL.
JOLIET HAS BECOME A LITTLE REBELLIOUS LATELY. I WANT YOU TO DISCIPLINE HER.


COME CLOSER; I DON'T BITE.
YES, YOUR HIGHNESS.
I SAID CLOSER!!!
THAT'S IT. FEEL THE WHIP? IT'S MADE OF GOOD LEATHER, WOULDN'T YOU THINK?
Y-YES, YOUR HIGHNESS. UUNGH!!!
IT COMES FROM AL HAMBRA. IT WAS MADE FROM THE FLAYED SKINS OF CHRISTIAN SLAVES.
UUNGH!
TAKE THE WHIP! FEEL IT'S WEIGHT AND TEXTURE. IT IS WELL BALANCED AND MAKES A WONDERFUL SOUND WHEN IT SPLITS THE AIR.
NOW USE IT ON JOLIET. BE PARTICULARLY HARD ON HER BREASTS. TWENTY LASHES EACH.
YES, YOUR HIGHNESS.


DO NOT HOLD BACK! I'LL KNOW WHEN YOUR HOLDING BACK BY THE JIGGLE OF YOUR BREASTS.
DISAPPOINT ME AND YOU'LL BOTH BE SPENDING THE NIGHT ON WOODEN PONIES UNDER MY GUARDS' WHIPS.
YES, YOUR HIGHNESS.
ANNAIS BEGAN LATHERING JOLIET'S SOFT BOSOM. THE UNHAPPY GIRL'S TEARS FLOWED IN TORRENTS AS HER BODY BORE THE MARKS OF HER FLAGELLATION.
CRASH!
THEN, WITH NO WARNING, THE CHAMBER GAVE A POWERFUL JOLT, AND A HUGE STONE BALL SMASHED RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL BEHIND PRINCESS ERZEBETH.


THE LOUD CRASH BROUGHT A VERY CONCERNED KING BORIS INTO THE PRINCESS'S CHAMBERS.
GUARDS, SECURE THE PRINCESS' CHAMBERS. DAUGHTER, ARE YOU HURT? I WILL SUMMON THE PHYSICIANS!
FATHER, I AM IN PERFECT HEALTH AND IN NO NEED OF YOUR SILLY ALCHEMISTS. YOUR PRESENCE AND CONCERNS ARE UNWARRANTED.
AS I RECALL, YOU ARE NOT TO ENTER MY ROOM UNLESS REQUESTED. NOW; TAKE YOUR NOISY, BOORISH SOLDIERS AND LEAVE ME IN PEACE!
I DON'T CARE IF TWO CANNON SHOTS DID HIT THIS ROOM! THIS IS STILL MY DOMAIN.
YES, DAUGHTER. MEN, YOU HEARD THE PRINCESS, BACK TO THE RAMPARTS. TIME TO TURN THE TIDE.
AS THE SOLDIERS LEAVE, PRINCESS ERZEBETH APPROACHED THE GAPING HOLE AND PEERED OUTWARDS.
FOR THREE MONTHS I HAVE BEEN TRAPPED IN THIS CASTLE BREATHING IN THE STENCH OF DEATH AND GUNPOWDER. CURSE YOU, PRINCE LEOPOLD! I PRAY YOUR FORTHCOMING DEATH WILL BE SLOW AND PAINFUL.


OUTSIDE; THE MASSES OF MEN AND WAR MACHINES INCHED EVER CLOSER TO THE CASTLE WALLS, NOW HEAVILY WEAKENED BY PROJECTED ROCKS AND CANNON FIRE. IT'S FALL WAS ALMOST CERTAIN AS THE THINNING LINE OF DEFENDERS MADE THEIR FINAL STAND.
I PLEDGE MY SWORD THAT THIS CASTLE WILL FALL AT SUNDOWN.
BAH...! NOON TOMORROW. I WAGER LEOPOLD DOES NOT HAVE THE STOMACH FOR A BLOOD BATH AND WILL NEGOTIATE A SURRENDER.
THE PRINCE WAS EAGER FOR VICTORY, BOOTY AND ROYAL PUSSY. TODAY WAS THE BIG DAY. HE WANTED HIS PRINCESS.

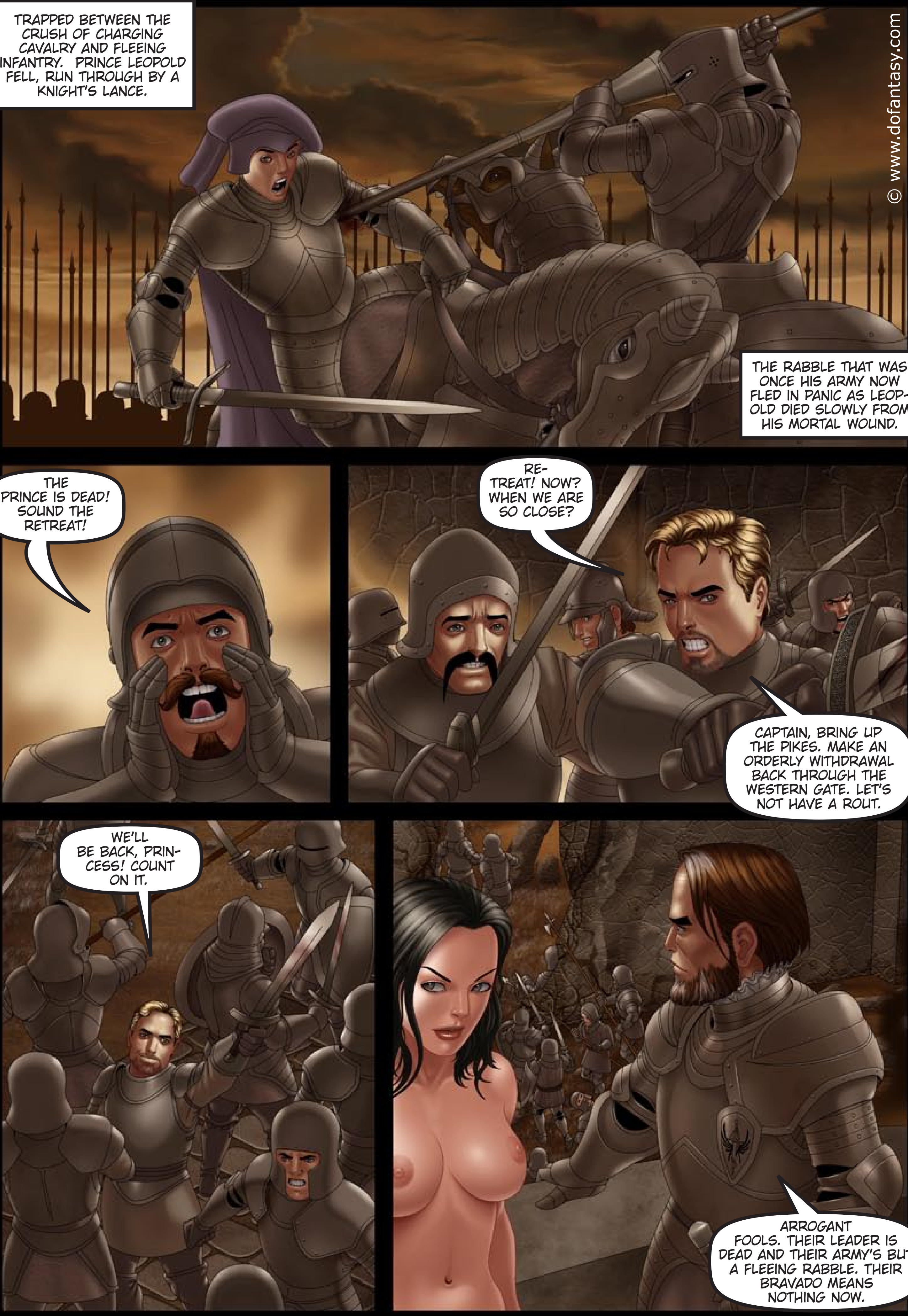


THE MEN'S WAGERING WAS RUDELY INTERRUPTED BY THE HOOF BEATS OF HEAVY HORSES.
MERCENARY, TAKE YOUR MEN AND PREPARE TO ATTACK AS SOON AS WE SHATTER THE WESTERN GATE. I NEED MY BEST WARRIORS TO OPEN THE GAP FOR THE REST OF THE ARMY.
I BEG YOUR PARDON, YOUR HIGHNESS. BUT YOUR FATHER THE KING GAVE STRICT INSTRUCTIONS THAT WE STAY HERE TO PROTECT YOU.
FOOL! I NEED NOT BE REMINDED OF MY FATHER'S WISHES. I COMMAND THIS ARMY, NOT MY FATHER!
DO AS YOU'RE TOLD!
AS YOU WISH, MY PRINCE. MY MEN ARE READY AND ITCHING FOR A FIGHT.
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SUDDENLY; A POWERFUL EXPLOSION RIPPED THROUGH THE WESTERN GATE, SURPRISING THE BELEAGUERED DEFENDERS. THE MASSIVE WOODEN GATE HAD SPLIT OPEN.
TO YOUR ARMS! THEY HAVE BREACHED THE GATES! PREPARE TO PUSH THEM BACK!
BUT BEFORE THE CASTLE DEFENDERS COULD FORM UP, LEOPOLD'S BEST TROOPS WERE ALREADY EXPLOITING THE GAP.
HUNDREDS OF BATTLE-HARDENED WARRIORS POURED THROUGH.
FROM ATOP HER BATTERED TOWER, THE PRINCESS, STILL NAKED, WATCHED THE CHAOS AND SLAUGHTER BELOW HER VERY CHAMBERS AMUSED.
HER PRESENCE DID NOT GO UNNOTICED BY A PARTICULAR MERCENARY.
PRINCESS, WE WILL SOON SEE IF YOU ARE WORTH THE BLOOD THAT HAS BEEN SPENT THESE PAST 3 MONTHS.


THE MERCENARY DISPLAYED HIS TALENTS, INVIGORATED BY THE KNOWLEDGE HE IS BEING OBSERVED BY THE RAVISHING BEAUTY ABOVE THEM.
HE QUICKLY DISPATCHED THE KING ROYAL GUARDS WITH EQUAL SKILL AND GRACE.
ALL THAT STOOD BEFORE HIM WERE FELLED BY HIS SWORD.


OUTSIDE THE CASTLE WALLS, PRINCE LEOPOLD RECEIVED THE NEWS OF THE BREACH AND THE COLLAPSE OF THE WESTERN DEFENSES. HE MOVED HIS MEN CLOSER TO THE CRUMBLING WALLS, READY TO MAKE ANOTHER ASSAULT.
YOUR HIGH-NESS, RIDERS COMING UP THE ROAD!
WHAT? RIDERS? EVEN AT THE THRESHOLD OF VICTORY, MY FATHER WOULD RUIN IT BY SENDING HIS KNIGHTS TO TAKE THE GLORY FROM ME!
YOUR HIGH-NESS, THEY ARE ATTACK-ING!
QUICKLY, FORM UP! PIKES AT THE READY!
BUT IT WAS TOO LATE. THE LIGHTLY FORMED BATTLE LINES COULD NOT POSSIBLY STAND UP TO THE CHARGE OF ARMORED KNIGHTS. THEY TORE THROUGH LEOPOLD'S MEN WHO WERE TOO STUNNED TO PUT UP MUCH OF A FIGHT.


TRAPPED BETWEEN THE CRUSH OF CHARGING CAVALRY AND FLEEING INFANTRY. PRINCE LEOPOLD FELL, RUN THROUGH BY A KNIGHT'S LANCE.
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THE RABBLE THAT WAS ONCE HIS ARMY NOW FLED IN PANIC AS LEOP-OLD DIED SLOWLY FROM HIS MORTAL WOUND.
THE PRINCE IS DEAD! SOUND THE RETREAT!
RE-TREAT! NOW? WHEN WE ARE SO CLOSE?
CAPTAIN, BRING UP THE PIKES. MAKE AN ORDERLY WITHDRAWAL BACK THROUGH THE WESTERN GATE. LET'S NOT HAVE A ROUT.
WE'LL BE BACK, PRIN-CESS! COUNT ON IT.
ARROGANT FOOLS. THEIR LEADER IS DEAD AND THEIR ARMY'S BUT A FLEEING RABBLE. THEIR BRAVADO MEANS NOTHING NOW.


DAUGHTER, GET DRESSED. IT IS TIME FOR A FEAST. THE SIEGE IS LIFTED AND A MORTAL BLOW HAS BEEN STRUCK UPON OUR HATED FOE.
WE SHOULD THANK OTTO FOR HIS AID.
I AM BETROTHED TO HIM, FATHER. THAT IS MORE THAN ENOUGH THANKS.
AND I REALLY SHOULD RETURN TO MY TAPESTRY LESSONS SINCE I HAVE A FRESH NEW CANVAS TO WORK WITH.
SEVERAL DAYS LATER AT THE FORTRESS OF KING STEPHAN, LEOPOLD'S FATHER...
THERE WAS NOTHING WE COULD DO, YOUR MAJESTY.
EMPEROR OTTO'S LANCERS CAME OUT OF NOWHERE AND CUT US DOWN.
FORGIVE US, YOUR MAJESTY. BY THE TIME MY MEN COULD FIGHT THEIR WAY TO PRINCE LEOPOLD, HE WAS ALREADY DEAD.
HIS BODY WAS DEFILED AND DISMEMBERED BUT WE WERE ABLE TO RECOV- ER HIS HEAD.
WE WERE BETRAYED, YOUR MAJ- ESTY.


INDEED, CAPTAIN. MY SON FELL BY TREACHERY. CONVERTS IN THE GUISE OF TRUSTED MERCHANTS PROMISED HIM THAT NO AID WOULD COME FOR KING BORIS AND HIS LASCIVIOUS HARLOT OF A DAUGHTER.
THEY PROMISED HIM OTTO WOULD NOT GO AGAINST US AS AN AGREEMENT WITH THE MERCHANTS GUILD TO STAY OUT OF THE WAR.
SHALL WE BEHEAD THEM NOW, YOUR MAJESTY?


HAVE PITY, YOUR MAJESTY! KING BORIS OFFERED EMPEROR OTTO A PRIZE HE COULD NOT REFUSE.
HE OFFERED HIM THE HAND OF HIS ONLY DAUGHTER.
THERE IS NO MALE HEIR. THIS GUARANTEES THAT EMPEROR OTTO WILL TAKE ALL ONCE KING BORIS DIES.
THIS MAT-TER SHOULD HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO ME, JUDA. IF I HAD KNOWN, MY CAVALRY WOULD HAVE CRUSHED OTTO'S KNIGHTS UNDER FOOT AND MY SON WOULD BE ALIVE!
NOW I HAVE NO HEIR, HAVE LOST MANY MEN, AND MY DYNASTY IS IN PERIL. YOU HAVE FAILED ME GRIEVOUSLY!
YOUR MAJESTY, PLEASE FORGIVE MY FATHER. HE DID NOT KNOW OF EMPEROR OTTO'S INTENT UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE.


I SEE NOW THE TRUE PLOT, HIDDEN IN THE LIES. YOU DID NOT WANT MY SON TO TAKE ERZEBETH AS HIS WIFE. YOU KNEW THAT LEOPOLD WOULD BE VULNERABLE TO THE CHARMS OF YOUR DAUGHTER IF HE FAILED TO TAKE ERZEBETH BY FORCE OF ARMS.
NO, YOUR MAJESTY!
YOUR DAUGHTER, CHANA, IS BEAUTIFUL AND BOUNTIFUL. RIPE FOR THE TAKING, EXCEPT FOR ONE FLAW. SHE IS A CONVERT. NO SON OF MINE WOULD BE ALLOWED TO MARRY A CONVERT.
BUT YOUR SCHEME FAILED WITH THE DEATH OF MY SON! STRIP THE WENCH!
YOUR MAJESTY, WE ARE INNOCENT. WE ARE NO TRAITORS.


TO BE A BRIDE OF LEOPOLD WOULD BRING PRESTIGE, NAME AND RANK. NO LONGER WOULD YOU BE LANDLESS MER-CHANTS.
WITH THIS BODY, YOU WOULD CORRUPT AND ENSNARE MY SON
ARE THESE LUXURIOUS BO-SOMS WORTH A KINGDOM?
IS THE TASTE OF YOUR FLESH WORTH HIS LIFE?
I WEIGH YOUR OFFERING...
...AND FIND IT WANTING.

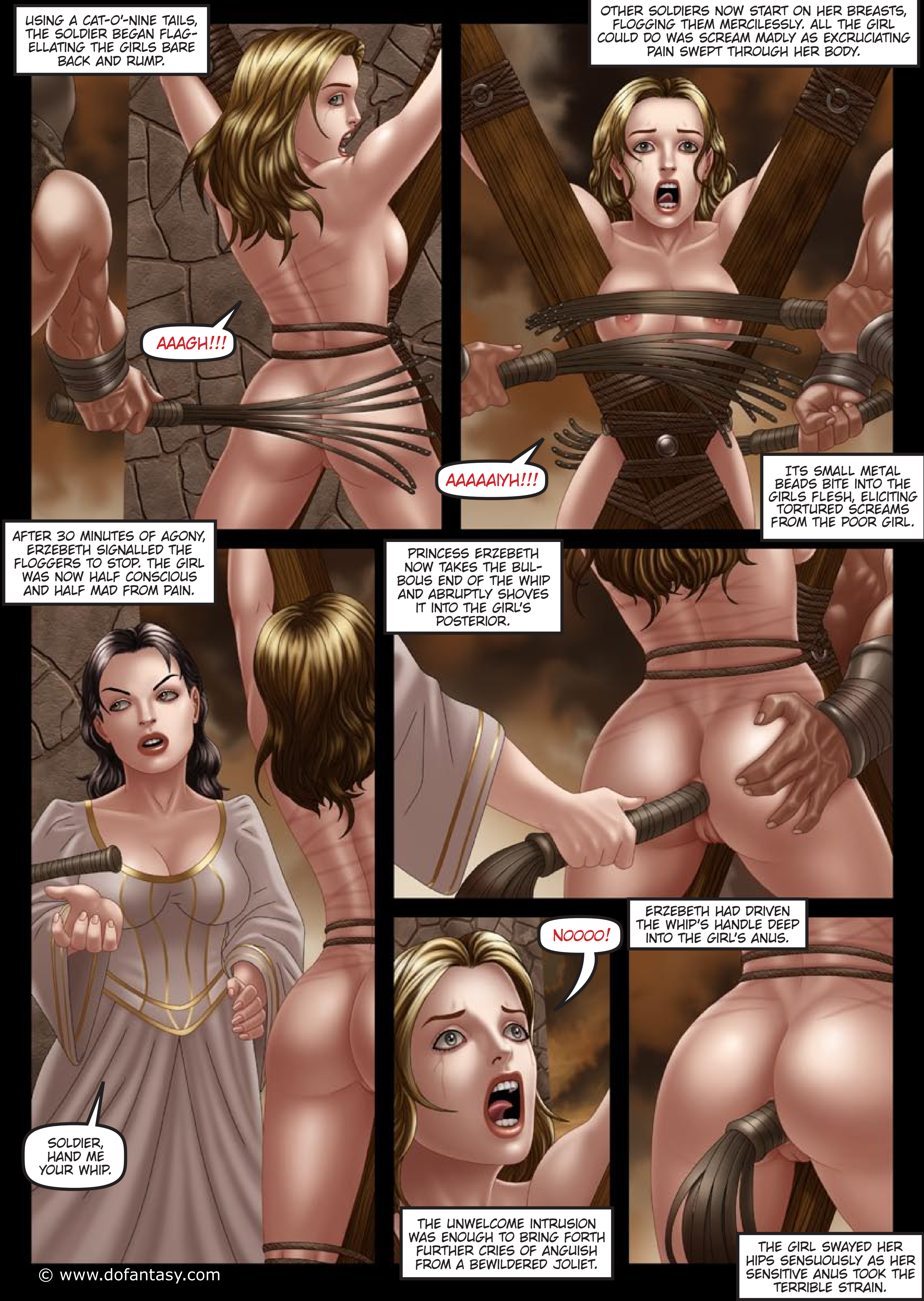

NO! LEAVE ME ALONE! YOUR MAJESTY, I BEG YOU TO SPARE US! YOU CAN HAVE WHATEVER YOU WISH FROM US.
WHATEVER YOU HAVE IS NOT ENOUGH, HARLOT. AND WHAT I WILL TAKE, YOU WILL NOT BE SO EAGER TO GIVE...
CHANA!!! LEAVE HER ALONE!
THEN AGAIN, IT WOULD BE A SIN TO WASTE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO SAMPLE SUCH BOUNTIES.
COME, HARLOT. LET US MEASURE YOUR WORTH.
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MY SON IS GONE BUT I WILL HAVE MY SATISFACTION.
YOUR MAJESTY, PLEASE SPARE MY DAUGHTER THIS HUMILIATION. FOR THE SAKE OF HER HONOR.
SILENCE!!! CONVERTS HAVE NO HONOR!
TELL ME. HOW MANY MEN HAVE KNOWN THIS BODY OF YOURS? HOW MANY HAVE TAKEN PLEASURE BETWEEN YOUR THIGHS?
NONE, YOUR MAJESTY. I HAVE BEEN CHASTE.
A CHASTE HARLOT? INDEED. DO YOU KNOW WHAT MY COWERING EN-EMIES CALL ME?
I DO NOT KNOW, YOU MAJESTY.
THEY CALL ME THE DEVIL'S HORN.
YOU WILL KNOW FIRST HAND WHY I EARNED THAT NAME.


AAAAGH!!! YOUR MAJESTY, NOOO!
STOP! PLEASE! YOU'LL KILL ME.
HAH! IT TAKES MORE THE A FOOT LONG SHAFT TO KILL THE LIKES OF YOU.
HOW DO YOU LIKE LOSING YOUR CHASTITY TO A KING, HARLOT?
OH GOD, IT HURTS!! STOP! PLEASE!!!
KING STEPHAN RAVAGED THE GIRL FOR HOURS BEFORE GIVING HER TO HIS MEN TO CONTINUE HER DEFILEMENT.
A RED HOT FORK WAS PLUNGED INTO THE OLD MERCHANT'S EYES. THE KING MADE SURE HIS LAST SIGHT WAS OF THE HORRIBLE, VIOLENT RAPE OF HIS ONLY DAUGHTER.
LOOK WELL, MERCHANT. SEE THE COST OF YOUR TREACHERY. BEAR WITNESS TO THE ANGUISH OF YOUR CHILD.

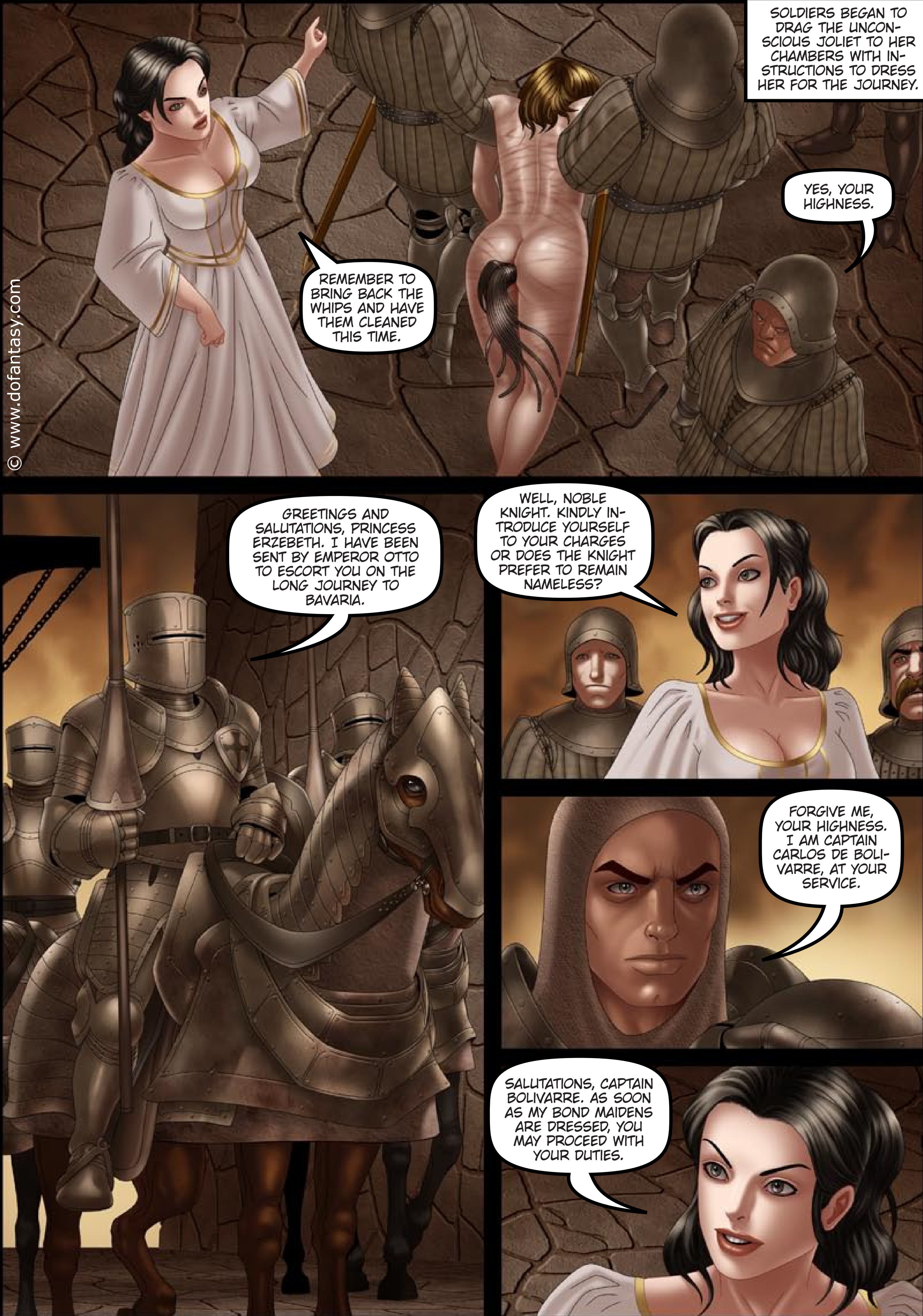

BACK AT THE BATTERED CASTLE. THE VICTORIOUS DE-FENDERS; DRUNK WITH MEAD, TOOK THEIR MERRY MAKING INTO THE SERVANTS CHAM-BERS. THERE THEY CHANCED UPON ONE OF PRINCESS ERZEBETH'S BOND MAIDENS.
MNNGH!!!
THEY WERE TOO INTOXI-CATED TO HERE THE GIRL'S WHIMPERING PROTEST OR TO CARE ABOUT THEIR MISTRESS'S WRATH AS THEY FUCKED AND BUG-GERED THE MAIDEN.
UUNGH!!!
BUT ALAS; ALL GOOD THINGS MUST END...
JOLIET! SO, THIS IS WHAT'S DELAYING YOU!
P-PRINCESS ERZEBETH! FORGIVE US. THIS GIRL SEDUCED US. WE WERE BEWITCHED!
WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELF, WENCH?
YOUR HIGHNESS, I WAS ABOUT TO GET DRESSED WHEN THEY CAME INTO MY CHAMBERS. THEY FORCED THEMSELVES UPON ME. I COULD DO NOTHING.
EXCUSES! THAT IS ALL I HEAR FROM YOU. THE WHOLE ENTOURAGE IS LATE BECAUSE OF YOUR SHENANIGANS!
AAAAGH!!! MISTRESS, PLEASE!

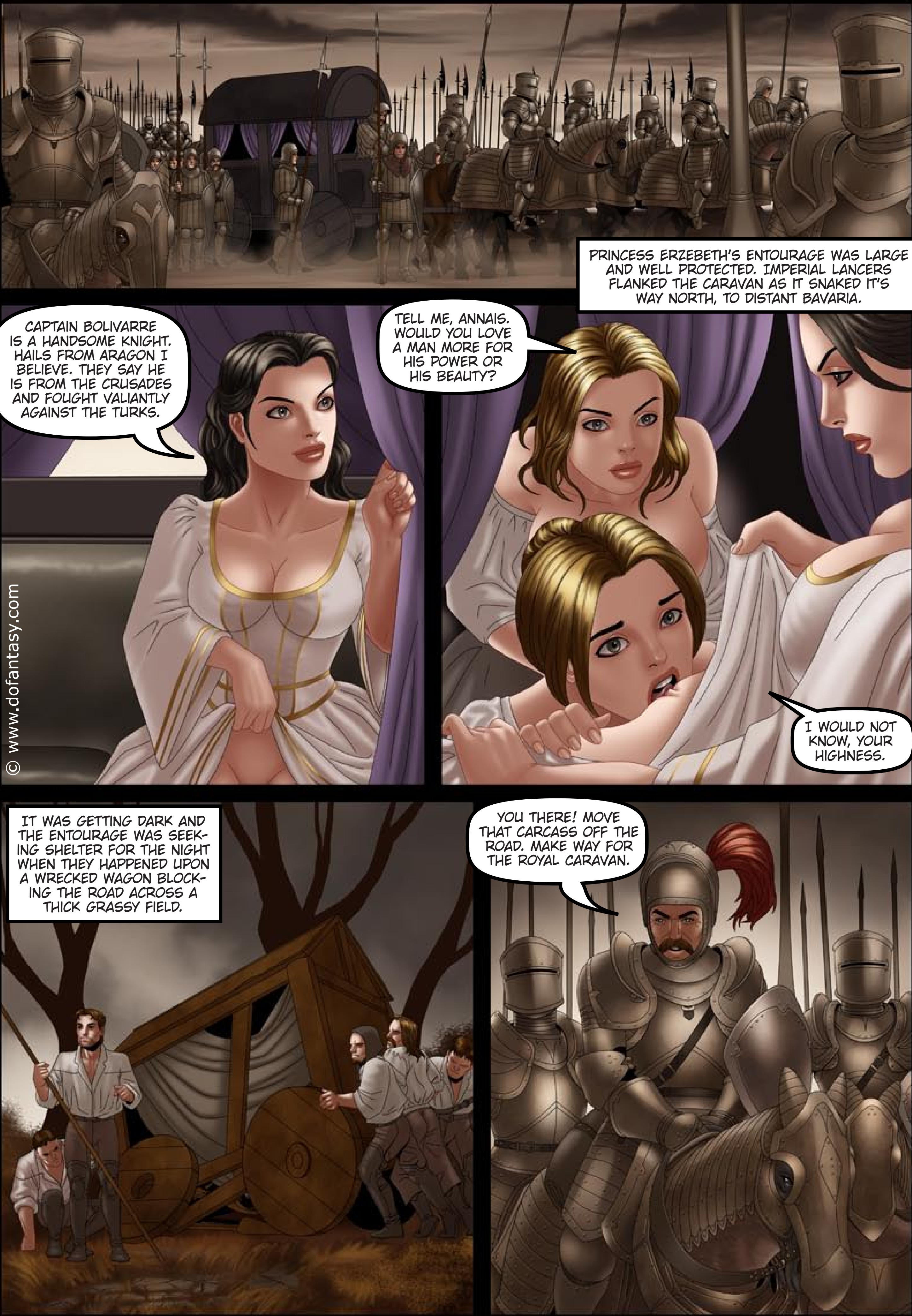

YOU WILL RECEIVE 30 LASHES FOR YOUR IMPROPRIETY.
AS FOR YOU! IT WILL BE WORSE FOR YOU. YOU NEED TO BE DISCIPLINED ONCE MORE.
NO, YOUR HIGHNESS. I BEG YOU!
COME HERE, YOU STUPID WHORE!
AAH!
TAKE HER TO THE COURTYARD AS SHE IS. STRAP HER TO THE WHIPPING POST.
NO, YOUR HIGHNESS. NOT THAT! PLEASE!
LATER.
NOW, SOLDIER. FLOG THIS WENCH'S FLANKS, BACK AND BREAST. STOP ONLY WHEN I SAY SO.
MY PLEA-SURE, YOUR HIGHNESS.


USING A CAT-O'-NINE TAILS, THE SOLDIER BEGAN FLAG-ELLATING THE GIRLS BARE BACK AND RUMP.
AAAGH!!!
OTHER SOLDIERS NOW START ON HER BREASTS, FLOGGING THEM MERCILESSLY. ALL THE GIRL COULD DO WAS SCREAM MADLY AS EXCRUCIATING PAIN SWEPT THROUGH HER BODY.
AAAAAIYH!!!
ITS SMALL METAL BEADS BITE INTO THE GIRLS FLESH, ELICITING TORTURED SCREAMS FROM THE POOR GIRL.
AFTER 30 MINUTES OF AGONY, ERZEBETH SIGNALLED THE FLOGGERS TO STOP. THE GIRL WAS NOW HALF CONSCIOUS AND HALF MAD FROM PAIN.
SOLDIER, HAND ME YOUR WHIP.
PRINCESS ERZEBETH NOW TAKES THE BUL-BOUS END OF THE WHIP AND ABRUPTLY SHOVES IT INTO THE GIRL'S POSTERIOR.
NOOOO!
THE UNWELCOME INTRUSION WAS ENOUGH TO BRING FORTH FURTHER CRIES OF ANGUISH FROM A BEWILDERED JOLIET.
ERZEBETH HAD DRIVEN THE WHIP'S HANDLE DEEP INTO THE GIRL'S ANUS.
THE GIRL SWAYED HER HIPS SENSUOUSLY AS HER SENSITIVE ANUS TOOK THE TERRIBLE STRAIN.


UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE GIRL; PRINCESS ERZEBETH HAD NOT FINISHED WITH HER TORTURE. SHE COMMANDED THE OTHER FLOGGERS TO FORCE THEIR WHIPS INTO THE GIRL'S THROBBING ASS.
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ERZEBETH NOW TURNED TO HER OTHER BOND MAIDEN.
ANNAIS, ON YOUR KNEES AND AP-PROACH YOUR FRIEND.
YES, YOUR HIGHNESS.
NOW SHOW US HOW DEXTEROUS YOUR TONGUE IS. PLEASURE JOLIET. DON'T STOP UNTIL HER JUICES FILL YOUR MOUTH.
YES, YOUR HIGHNESS.
AS ANNAIS BEGIN TO LICK AND SLOBBER AT JOLIET'S SEX LIPS, THE THIRD FLOGGER THRUST THE THIRD WHIP UP HER ASS.
JOLIET WAILED LIKE A BAN-SHEE AS HER RACKED BODY WAS TRAPPED IN A LIMBO OF PLEA-SURE AND PAIN.
ANNAIS WAS OBLIVIOUS TO JOLIET'S LAMENTATIONS. SHE WAS TOO BUSY FULFILLING HER MISTRESS'S COMMANDS UNTIL...
...JOLIET'S BODY, CONFUSED BY THE TWO POWERFUL SEN-SATIONS EVENTUALLY SURREN-DERED TO ANNAIS'S EXPERT TONGUE. HER JUICES FLOWED FREELY INTO THE SERVANTS SURPRISED MOUTH.


AFTER WATCHING ANNAIS LICK UP EVERY DROP OF JOLIET'S JUICES, THE KING CAME FORWARD, EAGER TO ASSES THE GIRL'S TONGUE TECHNIQUES.
MEANWHILE JOLIET HAD FAINTED FROM HER ORDEAL AND WAS CUT DOWN FROM THE WHIPPING POST.
COME ON. TAKE IT IN YOUR MOUTH. HELP YOUR KING EASE HIS MIND.
THIS ONE IS VERY SKILLED, ERZEBETH. HER MOUTH IS SOFT AND HER TONGUE IS LIKE A SERPENT'S. SHE WOULD MAKE A GOOD COURTESAN.
INDEED. HER CONVENT WAS WELL FREQUENTED BY FRIARS AND CLERGY.
SHE HAS LEARNED MANY TRICKS. I HEAR THE BISHOP OF ROME WAS GRIEF STRICKEN WHEN SHE LEFT. A FACE FROM HEAVEN WITH A BODY FOR THE EARTHLY.


SOLDIERS BEGAN TO DRAG THE UNCON-SCIOUS JOLIET TO HER CHAMBERS WITH IN-STRUCTIONS TO DRESS HER FOR THE JOURNEY.
REMEMBER TO BRING BACK THE WHIPS AND HAVE THEM CLEANED THIS TIME.
YES, YOUR HIGHNESS.
GREETINGS AND SALUTATIONS, PRINCESS ERZEBETH. I HAVE BEEN SENT BY EMPEROR OTTO TO ESCORT YOU ON THE LONG JOURNEY TO BAVARIA.
WELL, NOBLE KNIGHT. KINDLY IN-TRODUCE YOURSELF TO YOUR CHARGES OR DOES THE KNIGHT PREFER TO REMAIN NAMELESS?
FORGIVE ME, YOUR HIGHNESS. I AM CAPTAIN CARLOS DE BOLI-VARRE, AT YOUR SERVICE.
SALUTATIONS, CAPTAIN BOLIVARRE. AS SOON AS MY BOND MAIDENS ARE DRESSED, YOU MAY PROCEED WITH YOUR DUTIES.



PRINCESS ERZEBETH'S ENTOURAGE WAS LARGE AND WELL PROTECTED. IMPERIAL LANCERS FLANKED THE CARAVAN AS IT SNAKED IT'S WAY NORTH, TO DISTANT BAVARIA.
CAPTAIN BOLIVARRE IS A HANDSOME KNIGHT. HAILS FROM ARAGON I BELIEVE. THEY SAY HE IS FROM THE CRUSADES AND FOUGHT VALIANTLY AGAINST THE TURKS.
TELL ME, ANNAIS. WOULD YOU LOVE A MAN MORE FOR HIS POWER OR HIS BEAUTY?
I WOULD NOT KNOW, YOUR HIGHNESS.
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IT WAS GETTING DARK AND THE ENTOURAGE WAS SEEK-ING SHELTER FOR THE NIGHT WHEN THEY HAPPENED UPON A WRECKED WAGON BLOCK-ING THE ROAD ACROSS A THICK GRASSY FIELD.
YOU THERE! MOVE THAT CARCASS OFF THE ROAD. MAKE WAY FOR THE ROYAL CARAVAN.


EXCUSE US, YOUR LORDSHIP. WE ARE TRAVELING ENTERTAINERS FROM GENOA ON OUR WAY TO NAVARRE. WE WERE SET UPON BY HIGHWAY MEN. THEY TOOK ALL OF OUR BELONGINGS AND BROKE OUR CART.
IF YOU WOULD BE SO KIND AS TO ALLOW SOME OF YOUR MEN TO HELP US FIX IT...
WHY DID I STOP? DON'T TELL ME WE ARE GOING TO CAMP IN THE MIDDLE OF A FIELD.
COME NOW. SURELY YOU CAN SPARE A FEW HANDS WITH SO MANY IN YOUR COMMAND.
I KNOW HIM! I KNOW THAT MAN! HE IS ONE OF LEOPOLD'S MEN!
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BEFORE THE SOLDIERS COULD REACT, A POWERFUL EXPLOSION RIPPED INTO THE FRONT OF THE ENTOURAGE, KILLING AND MAIMING MANY KNIGHTS AND SOLDIERS.
UP AND AT THEM!


THE THICK GRASS SUDDENLY RUSTLED AND HEAVED AS MULTITUDES OF MEN AT ARMS EMERGE FROM HIDING. THE SMOKE CLEARED REVEALING THE SOURCE OF THAT TERRIBLE EXPLOSION.
FOR PRINCE LEOPOLD!
TAKEN BY SURPRISE BY THE APPEARANCE OF SO MANY SOLDIERS, THE COLUMN WAS IN COMPLETE DISARRAY.
NOW
MEN!
FROM TREES AND HIGH GROUND, ARCHERS RAINED LETHAL BOLTS UPON THE VULNERABLE LANCERS.



WITH HIS MEN NEARLY IN A ROUT, CAPTAIN BOLIVARRE RALLIED HIS FORCES. HE KNEW FULL WELL THAT FEW COULD STAND UP TO HIS ARMORED LANCERS. THE TIDE WOULD TURN IF THE MEN'S SPIRIT HELD.
THE MERCENARY KNEW THIS. HE KNEW HE HAD TO ACT FAST. THEY WERE CLEARLY AFTER A SPECIAL PRIZE...
...THE DAUGHTER OF THEIR MOST HATED ENEMY.
WILL YOU TWO BE SILENT! I CANNOT HEAR MYSELF THINK WITH ALL YOUR MUTTERINGS.
HOLY MOTHER OF GOD PLEASE PROTECT US AND OUR CHASTITY FROM THESE SAVAGE MEN.
COUCHMAN! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR!? GET ME OUT OF HERE!
YES, YOUR HIGHNESS.
SORRY, DRIVER, BUT THIS CARRIAGE IS ON A LONG JOURNEY AND YOU'RE JUST DEAD WEIGHT
WE MEET AGAIN PRINCESS. ARE OTTO'S MEN TREATING YOU WELL?


BASTARD! DON'T YOU DARE TOUCH ME, FILTHY SCUM!
SORRY I DON'T HAVE TIME TO DEAL WITH A WILDCAT AT MY BACK WHEN LANCERS ARE ON MY TAIL
TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION OF BATTLE, THE MERCENARY SPED OFF WITH HIS PRIZE.
THEY'RE TAKING THE PRINCESS'S CAR-RIAGE! STOP THEM!
BEATING OFF FURTHER ATTACKS, CAPTAIN BOLIVARRE WATCHED HELPLESSLY AS HIS CHARGE WAS TAKEN FROM HIM.
THE PRIN-CESS!
MEN, FINISH OFF THIS RABBLE AND FOLLOW THEM! TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH IF NECES-SARY. LET NONE RETURN TO BAVARIA UNTIL SHE IS RECOVERED.


MORNING AT KING STEPAN'S FORTRESS. THE GUARDS HAD GROWN ACCUSTOMED TO THE CONSTANT BELLOWS OF THE TORTURED CHANA.
NEWS FROM THE MERCENARY, YOUR MAJESTY.
WELL? SPIT IT OUT.
SUCCESS, YOUR MAJESTY. THEY AWAIT YOU AT THE OLD CITADEL.
GOOD. MY VENGEANCE ON OLD BORIS WILL SOON COME TO PASS.
CAPTAIN, SHE'S BEGINNING TO LIKE BEING TAKEN IN EVERY HOLE. I DON'T WANT HER TO FEEL ONE OUNCE OF PLEASURE, EVER AGAIN. BURN OFF HER CLITORIS.
MY PLEASURE, YOUR MAJESTY.
NO!!! DON'T!
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THE STENCH OF HER OWN BURNT FLESH FILLED CHANA'S NOSTRILS
AAAH!!!
TELL ME. IS LOSING YOUR LITTLE BUD EQUAL TO MY LOSS?
YOU WILL TAKE THIS AND MORE. WHILE LIFE FLOWS IN YOUR BODY, YOU WILL KNOW NOTHING BUT PAIN. THAT I SWEAR.
NO, YOUR MAJ-ESTY. BUT PLEASE HAVE MERCY. BY ALL THAT IS HOLY, I CAN TAKE NO MORE.
I LEAVE FOR THE CITADEL AND MY NEW BRIDE. YOU MAY DO WITH HER AS YOU PLEASE. RAPE HER, WHIP HER, BURN HER, LET THE SOLDIERS HAVE HER. AS LONG AS SHE SUFFERS I WILL BE HAPPY.
THANK YOU, YOUR MAJESTY. THE MEN WILL APPRECIATE YOUR GENEROSITY.
MY LORD! MERCY!! MERCY! MERCY!
CHANA CONTIN-UED TO BEG AND PLEAD BUT NONE HEEDED HER.
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THE OLD CITADEL WAS AN ANCIENT ROMAN FORT THAT STOOD ON THE COAST ABOVE THE HIGH ROCKS. IT HAD BUT ONE APPROACH.
IN THE OLD DAYS IT WAS ONE OF THE STRONG POINTS OF CHRISTIAN EUROPE, HOLDING FIRM AGAINST THE MOORISH INVASION.
NOW IT SAT IDLE; MERE RUINS LONG NEGLECTED BY THE RULERS OF THE DAY WHO WERE MORE INTERESTED IN WARRING WITH EACH OTHER.
AAGH!!!
THIS ONE IS FEISTY. JUST THE WAY I LIKE IT.
THE ONLY MEN NOW MANNING ITS RAMPARTS WERE BRIGANDS AND CUTTHROATS IN THE GUISE OF NOBLE KNIGHTS.
SEE HERE! NOW THIS IS QUALITY MEAT.
NO, DON'T! MY MISTRESS WON'T APPROVE. PLEASE LET ME GO!
AAAARGH!!! YOU STUPID BITCH!
YOU SHOULD GET YOUR PRIORI-TIES STRAIGHT. YOU SHOULD FEAR US MORE THAN THAT SILLY FUCKHOLE OF A PRINCESS.
IT'S TIME YOU GOT ACCLIMATIZED TO YOUR NEW MASTERS.
BRING OUT THE SHACK-LES.
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LET'S TAME OURSELVES A SHREW.
YOU BETTER BE A GOOD FUCK WENCH IF YOU WANNA KEEP YOUR TEATS!
MEANWHILE, IN THE DUNGEONS BELOW...
SHE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE NO HELLCAT TO ME. LOOKS LIKE ANY OTHER SILLY WENCH.
SHE WENT FOR MY SWORD MORE THAN ONCE SO I PUT HER LIGHTS OUT!
TOO BAD HER DRESS IS ALL TORN. I COULD HAVE GOT-TEN GOOD MONEY FOR IT. STILL HAS GOLD THREADS.
YEAH, GO FOR IT!
LET'S TAKE THIS OFF. YOU WON'T NEED IT... AAARGH!
TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF OF ME, SWINE!
WHA..! MY SWORD!
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I KNOW YOU ARE THE LEADER OF THIS BAND OF CUT-THROATS. GIVE ME A HORSE, CLOTHES AND FOOD AND I WILL RIDE OUT OF HERE. IF NOT, I'LL SLICE THAT GRIN OFF YOUR FACE.
I WARN YOU. I'M GOOD WITH A BLADE.
AND I AM GOOD WITH A STICK. STEEL IS NOT EVERYTHING. CARE FOR A CHAL-LENGE?
FOOL!
I HAVE NO TIME FOR THIS... EH!
YOU DO HAVE SKILL, MILADY. I GIVE YOU THAT.
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BUT SO DO I.
AAGH!
THWACK!
AAH!
YOU MOVE FAST FOR A NAKED PRIN-CESS.
THWACK!


AAH!!!
THWACK!
HAD ENOUGH, MILADY? NO MATTER HOW SHARP THE BLADE, THE SKILLS OF THE BEARER ARE PARAMOUNT.
FLICK!
YOU, BASTARD! SEND ME BACK TO MY FATHER! I COMMAND YOU!
YOUR STATION MEANS NOTHING HERE, MILADY.
IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE, I'M SURE MY MEN WILL BE MORE THAN HAPPY TO TEACH YOU MANNERS.
I'M SURE YOUR PRETTY LITTLE SERVANTS WOULD LIKE YOU TO JOIN THEM UPSTAIRS.
THEY'RE HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME ENTERTAINING MY MEN.


YOUR DEATH WILL BE SLOW, BASTARD. MY FATHER WILL HAVE YOU FLAYED ALIVE!
STILL FIERY ARE WE? LET'S TRY TO COOL YOU OFF.
COME ON, MILADY. I HAVE SOMETHING TO SWELL YOUR PRISTINE LITTLE ASS.
NO! WAIT!
HEH! HEH!
AAGH!!!
ABOVE THE DUNGEONS, THE SOLDIERS WERE STILL BRU-TALIZING POOR JOLIET WHO WAS NOW UPSIDE DOWN AND HAVING HER CUNT WHIPPED RAW. HER ANGUISHED CRIES SEEMED TO DELIGHT HER TORMENTORS.
THE COMELY ANNAIS WAS STILL PROVIDING MORE DIRECT SEXUAL PLEASURE TO A LONG LINE OF MEN.
MNNGH!!!
HER CONVENT SKILLS CAME IN HANDY AS SHE WAS FORCED TO SATISFY SEVERAL MEN AT A TIME.


LATE IN THE DAY EVEN POOR ANNAIS WAS SCREAMING IN AGONY AS THE MEN CONTINUED TO RAVISH HER NOW EXTREMELY SORE BODY.
DOWN BELOW, PRINCESS ERZEBETH IS ABOUT TO BE INTRODUCED TO A NEW WORLD OF PERSONAL TORMENT. SHE COULD NOT HELP SHEDDING A FEW TEARS AS SHE IS PREPARED FOR THE STOCKS.
NOW FIRMLY INSTALLED IN THE WOODEN STOCKS, HER ARMS WERE TUGGED PAINFULLY UP BY HER TORTURER...
YOU SHOULD BE GLAD I DIDN'T USE THE WITCHES' STOCKS WITH IRON SPIKES. THE KING DOESN'T WANT YOU DISFIGURED YET.
ERZEBETH'S BREASTS WERE THE FIRST TO TASTE THE STING OF THE WHIPS. NEXT, THE SOFT SENSITIVE CLEFT BETWEEN HER LEGS.
BUT A GOOD HARD FLOGGING WILL DO YOU SOME GOOD.
THWACK!
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IT DID NOT TAKE ERZEBETH LONG TO CHANGE HER MIND.
PLEASE STOP! I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT. JUST STOP THE WHIPS!
THAT'S A GOOD LITTLE PRINCESS.
I THINK HER BREAST COULD USE A FEW MORE WHACKS.
MAYBE, BUT FIRST, SOME-THING A LITTLE SPECIAL...
A SHINY TRINKET FROM HIS MAJESTY. A GIFT FOR HIS FUTURE BRIDE; THE RING.
WOULD YOU CARE TO GUESS WHERE THIS RING GOES.
M-MY FINGER.
NO. NOT EXACTLY. LET'S SEE; WHERE WAS I SUPPOSED TO PUT THIS?
ON YOUR TITS? NO.
ON YOUR TONGUE? MAYBE.
AAH! YOU'RE HURTING ME!
ERZEBETH SUDDENLY FEELS A SHARP PAINFUL STAB RIGHT THROUGH HER SWOLLEN BUD.
AAIYEEEEEEH!!!
I REMEMBER NOW. THE BRIDE'S RING GOES HERE.
SHE HAD NEVER FELT SUCH AN AWFUL PAIN. HER MIND WENT BLANK AND ERZEBETH MERCIFULLY LOST CONSCIOUSNESS.
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IT WAS ALMOST DAWN WHEN WATCHMEN NOTICED THE TRAIL OF DUST IN THE NORTHEAST.
SOLDIERS RACED UP THE RAMPARTS AND PREPARED THE DEFENSE.
THEN A SIGNAL TO STAND DOWN. IT WAS THE KING'S COLORS.
WAKE UP, PRINCESS. THE KING HAS ARRIVED.
CHEER UP, YOU'RE ABOUT TO MEET YOUR FUTURE HUSBAND AND MASTER. HE WANTS YOU CLEAN AND PERFUMED.
KING STEPHAN!?
THE MERCENARY STOOPED DOWN TO SEE HIS HANDIWORK, GIVING IT A GOOD TUG.
AND YOU'LL SHOW HIM HOW MUCH YOU LOVE HIS BEAUTIFUL GIFT.
UUNGH!!
WE WERE ORDERED TO CLEAN YOU UP, YOUR HIGHNESS.
FROM THE SHADOWS, TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES EMERGE, NAKED AND STILL BEARING THE MARKS OF THEIR ORDEAL.
JOLIET, ANNAIS, HELP ME ESCAPE.
WE APOLOGIZE, YOUR HIGHNESS. BUT WE ARE ONLY HERE TO CLEAN YOU UP FOR THE KING.


WAIT! MY BODY IS VERY SORE. I CAN BARELY MOVE.
WE KNOW, YOUR HIGH-NESS.
BUT WE ARE OR-DERED TO CLEAN YOU THOROUGHLY.
AAH! STOP! IT HURTS! THE BRISTLES ARE TOO HARD!
YES, YOUR HIGHNESS.
UNGH!
THE KING WANTS THIS SPECIALLY CLEAN...
HNNGH!
NOW FOR THE HARD-TO-REACH PLACES, YOUR HIGHNESS.
JOLIET'S FACE HINTS A MISCHIEVOUS GRIN AS SHE TAKE OUT A NEW TOOL FROM THE WATER BUCKET.


THE BRISTLES OF THE HANDLED BRUSH WERE LIKE HUNDREDS OF TINY NEEDLES PIERCING THE SENSITIVE IN-SIDES OF ERZEBETH'S ANUS.
NO!!! AAAH!
JOLIET SODOMIZED HER MIS-TRESS WITH THE HANDLED BRUSH, THRUSTING IT IN AND OUT...
BURYING THE BRIS-TLES DEEP IN ERZE-BETH'S ORIFICE.
JOLIET THEN TOOK THE SAME BRUSH AND BEGAN TO CLEAN HER MISTRESS'S MOUTH.
ERZEBETH COULD ONLY MAKE GAGGING NOISES AS TEARS ROLLED DOWN HER CHEEKS.
THAT'S ENOUGH.
THE WOMEN TURNED TO SEE KING STEPHAN; FLANKED BY ROYAL GUARDS.
LEAVE US. I COME TO INSPECT KING BORIS'S HARLOT PROGENY.


KING STEPHAN, THIS IS AN OUTRAGE. MY FATHER WILL AVENGE ME!
HARLOT, MY LINEAGE IS EXTINCT BECAUSE OF YOU. I HAVE NO HEIR.
BUT I CAN YET TURN THE TABLES. YOU WILL BEAR ME A MALE HEIR AND HE CAN LAY CLAIM TO BOTH OUR KINGDOMS.
AND THE TREACHEROUS OTTO WILL GAIN NOTHING FOR HIS EFFORTS.
SHACKLE THE HARLOT FOR BRANDING. SHE WILL HAVE THE SEAL OF MY KINGDOM SEARED INTO HER FLESH.
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YOU HAVE STRONG, CHILD BEARING HIPS, MILADY. YOU WILL BEAR ME MANY SONS.
PLEASE, DON'T! NOT THAT.
THIS WON'T HURT A BIT, MILADY.
SSHSHSHSHS!


JUST KIDDING.
AAAIYEEH!
SSHSHSHSHS!
NOW YOU BELONG TO KING STEPHAN. NO ONE ELSE CAN LAY CLAIM TO YOU.
SINCE YOU ARE ALREADY WEARING MY RING WE CAN CONSUMMATE OUR UNION.
PLEASE, YOUR MAJESTY. HAVE PITY.
THE SHACKLES WERE DRAWN UP HIGHER, FORCING ERZEBETH TO STAND ON HER TOES.
TIME FOR YOUR BRIDAL DUTIES, HAR-LOT!
I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND LARGE MEN.
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MY LORD, YOU'RE TOO BIG. YOU'RE TEARING ME!
SHUT UP AND MOVE YOUR ASS, HARLOT! YOU'RE LIKE A SACK OF GRAIN. LASH HER BACK! I WANT HER TO RIDE MY COCK
THWACK!
THE SHARP STING OF THE WHIP SOON HAS ERZEBETHS' BODY SQUIRMING ON KING STEPHAN'S WELL DEVELOPED MEMBER.
KING STEPHAN WAS A MAN OF LEGEND-ARY VIRILITY. HE TOOK PRINCESS ERZEBETH FROM THE FRONT AND THE BACK, AS-SAULTING BOTH ORIFICES AND RAVISHING HER TILL NIGHTFALL.
NOW SHOW HER THE BRIDE'S MASK.
UUNGH!
THIS IS WHAT YOU'LL BE WEARING FROM NOW ON. THIS WILL BE YOUR PUBLIC FACE. IT MAY ONLY BE REMOVED IN MY PRESENCE.
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NO!!! GOD, NO!
ERZEBETH SHOOK HER HEAD IN DISBELIEF AT HOW MUCH HER FORTUNE HAD CHANGED. SHE TREMBLED AS RIVERS OF TEARS RAN DOWN HER FACE.


THE GOLDEN MASK ENTOMBED POOR ERZEBETH'S LOVELY FACE. HER BEAUTY WAS TO BE SEEN ONLY BY THE KING.
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A MATCHING GOLD BELL WAS ATTACHED TO THE RING THAT PERFORATED HER CLITORIS. IT'S WEIGHT FORCED THE BUD TO SWELL UP.
NOW SHACKLED IN A PAINFUL POSITION, HER MOUTH IS SEALED BY A GOLDEN BRANKS, MUF-FLING HER CRIES.
I WILL RETIRE TO MY CHAM-BERS. I WANT TO HEAR THAT BELL RINGING WHEN I AWAKE.
OUR PLEA-SURE, YOUR MAJESTY.
TO BE CONTINUED...


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